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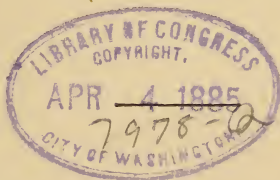
FROM THE WRITINGS OF

GEORGE MACDONALD

OR

HELPS FOR WEARY SOULS

COMPILED BY J. DEWEY



NEW YORK

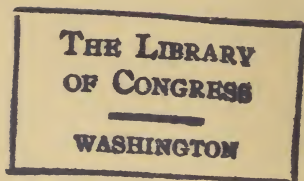
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## HELPS FOR WEARY SOULS.

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I SEEK to know God, to hear his voice  
Talk to my heart in silence: as of old  
The Hebrew king, when, still upon his bed,  
He lay communing with his heart; and  
God

With strength in his soul, did strengthen  
him, until  
In his light he saw light. God speaks to  
men.

My soul leans towards him; stretches forth  
its arms,  
And waits expectant. Speak to me, my  
God;  
And let me know the living Father-care,

For me, even me ; for this one of thy children.—

Hast thou no word for me? I am thy thought;

God, let thy mighty heart beat into mine,  
And let mine answer, as a pulse, to thine.

See, I am low, yea, very low,—but thou  
Art high, and thou canst lift me up to thee.  
I am a child before thee, God !

But thou hast made my weakness as my strength;

I am an emptiness for thee to fill,  
My soul a cavern to thy sea; I lie  
Diffused, abandoning myself to thee, . . .  
—I will look up, if life should fail in looking.  

---

What man can judge his neighbor right  
save him whose love makes him refuse to  
judge him? Therefore are we told to love,  
not judge. . . . The love that is more



than law lives in the endless story,—coming out in active kindness, that is, the recognition of kin, of kind, of nighness, of neighborhood; yea, in tenderness and loving kindness.

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The whole constitution of human society exists for the express end of teaching the two truths by which man lives: Love to God and love to man. . . . My brother according to the flesh is my first neighbor, that we may be very nigh to each other, whether we will or no, while our hearts are tender and so may learn brotherhoods. For our love to each other is but the throbbing of the heart of the great brotherhood, and could come only from the eternal Father, not from our parents. . . . Then my second neighbor appears, and who is he? not the man only with whom I dine; not the friend only with whom I share my

thoughts; not the man only whom my compassion would lift from some slough; but the man who makes my clothes; the man who prints my book; the man who drives me in his cab; the man who begs from me in the street; yea, even to the man who *condescends* to me. With all and each, there is a chance of doing the part of a neighbor—by speaking truly, acting justly, and thinking kindly. Even these deeds will help to that love which is born of righteousness.

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It is a grand thing to obey without asking questions, so long as there is nothing evil in what is commanded.

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Of all forces, that of growth is the one irresistible, for it is the creating power of God, the law of life and being.

Whatever it be that keeps the finer faculties of the mind awake, wonder alive, and the interest above mere eating and drinking, money-making and money-saving; whatever it be that gives gladness or sorrow, or hope,—is simply a divine gift of holy influence for the salvation of that being to whom it comes, for the lifting of him out of the mire and up on the rock.

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There is no better discipline than an occasional descent from what we count well-being to a former despised or less happy condition.

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All good is of God. . . . If a man love his brother, whom he hath seen, the love of God, whom he hath not seen, is not very far off. . . . God be praised by those who know religion to be the truth of humanity,—its own truth that sets it free—not binds and lops and mutilates it!

The spirit of God lies all about the spirit of men, like a mighty sea, ready to rush in at the smallest chink in the walls that shut him from his own.

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Every highest human act is just a giving back to God of that which he first gave to us. "Thou, God, hast given me; here again is thy gift; I send my spirit home." Every act of worship is a holding up to God of what God hath made us. "Here, Lord, look what I have got: feel with me in what thou hast made me, in this thy own bounty, my being. I am thy child, and know not how to thank thee save by uplifting the heaven-offering of the overflowing of thy life and calling aloud 'It is thine: it is mine, I am thine, and therefore I am mine.'" The vast operations of the spiritual as of the physical world are simply a turning again to the source.

The last act of our Lord in commending his spirit to his Father, at the close of his life, was only a summing up of what he had been doing all his life. . . . Every morning when he went out ere it was day, every evening when he lingered on the night lapt mountain, after his friends were gone, he was offering himself to his Father, in the communion of loving words, of high thoughts, of speechless feelings; and, between, he turned to do the same thing in deed, namely—in loving word, in helping thought, in healing action, towards his fellows; for the way to worship God, while the daylight lasts, is to work; the service of God, the only “divine service,” is the helping of our fellows; I want to show, that this is the simplest, blesseddest thing in the human world.

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To know one's self safe amid storms and

darkness and fire and water, amid disease and pain, even during the felt approach of death, is to be a Christian.

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I am far from sure that the best preparation for a disappointment is not the hope that precedes it. Let us hold by our hopes.  
. . . By our hopes, we are saved.

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Let us make the best we can of this life, that we may become able to make the best of the next also.

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To walk with God is to go hand in hand with him, like a boy with his Father.

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To love a thing divinely is to be ready to yield it without a pang, when God wills it.

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O God! we belong to thee utterly; we dying men are thy children, O living Father. Thou art such a Father that thou



takest our sins from us and throwest them behind thy back. Thou cleanseest our souls as thy Son did wash our feet. We hold our hearts up to thee, make them what they must be, O Love ! O Life of men ! O heart of hearts !

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If a man's earnest calling (that to which of necessity the greater part of his thought is given) is altogether dissociated in his mind from his religion, it is not wonderful that his prayers should, by degrees, wither and die.

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I think that Death has two sides to it—  
One sunny, and one dark ; as this round earth  
Is every day half sunny and half dark,  
We on the dark side call the mystery,  
    *Death ;*  
They on the other, looking down in light,  
Wait the glad *Birth*, with other tears than  
ours.

When the will of the man sides perfectly with the holy impulses in him, then all is well: for then his mind is one with the mind of his Maker; God and *man* are one.

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It has been well said, that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day, that the weight is more than one can bear. . . . God begs you to leave the future to him, and mind the present.

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Revenge is of death and deadly. Forgiveness has taken *its* place, and forgiveness is the giving, and so the receiving, of life.

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At the root of all human bliss lies repentance. "Come then, at the call of the Maker, the Healer, the giver of repentance and

light, the friend of publicans and sinners,—all ye on whom lies the weight of sin.” . . . He came to call such as you, that he might make you clear and clean. He cannot bear that you should live on in such misery, such badness, such blackness of darkness. He would give you again your life, the bliss of your being. He will not give you one word of reproach. . . . You that know yourselves sinners come to him, that he may work in you his perfect work, for he came not to call the righteous but sinners,—us, you and me—to repentance. Until the human heart knows the Divine heart it must sigh and complain like a petulant child. . . . When we find him in our own hearts, we shall find him in everything. It is *Life* we want.

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An old man, somehow, comes to know things like a child. They call it a second

childhood. . . . And there are some things worth growing a child again, to get a hold of them.

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Till a man knows he is one of God's family, living in God's house, with God upstairs, as it were, while he is at his work or at play, in a nursery below-stairs, he cannot feel comfortable. For a man could not be made who should stand alone, like some of the beasts; a man must feel a head over him, because he is not enough to satisfy himself alone; . . . he wants to feel that there is a loving Father over him, who is doing all things well and right.

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An ejaculation of love is not likely to offend Him who is so grand that He is always meek and lowly of heart, and whose love is such that ours is a mere faint light,—a little glooming light much like a shade.

When one has come to seek the honor that comes from God only he will take the withholding of the honor that comes from men very quietly indeed.

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When God in Jesus comes back to men, brothers and sisters spread forth their arms to embrace each other, and so to embrace him. This is when he is born again in our souls. For what we all need is just to become little children; to cease to be careful about many things, and trust in him, seeking only that he should rule, and that we should be made good like him; what else is meant by "Seek ye first," etc.? Instead of doing so we seek the things that God has promised to look after for us, and refuse to seek after the things he wants us to seek,—a thing that cannot be given us unless we seek it.

What can a man do but pray? He is here—helpless, and his origin—the breather of his soul, his God must be somewhere. And what else should he pray about but the thing that troubles him? What is the trouble there *for*, but to make him cry? It is the pull of God at his being. Let a man only pray. Prayer is the sound to which not merely is the ear of the Father open, but for which that ear is listening. Let a man pray for that, in whose loss, life is growing black; the heart of the Father is open.

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How many people would like to be good, if only they might be good without taking trouble about it! They do not like goodness well enough to hunger and thirst after it, or to sell all that they have, that they may buy it. They will not batter at the gate of the kingdom of heaven, but they look with



pleasure on this or that aërial castle of righteousness, and think it would be rather nice to live in it. They do not know that it is goodness all the time their very being is pining after, and that they are starving their nature of its necessary food.

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Peace for those who *do* the truth, not for those who opine it. The true man, troubled by intellectual doubt, is so troubled into further health and growth. Let him be alive and hopeful, above all, obedient, and he will be able to wait for the deeper content which must follow with deeper insight.

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There is a great power in quiet, for God is in it ; not seldom he seems to lay his hand on one of his children, as a mother lays hers on the restless one in his crib, to still him. Then the child sleeps, but the man begins

to live up from the lower depths of his nature. . . . When the hand of God is laid upon a man,—vain moan, and struggle and complaint,—it may be, indignant outcry, follows: but, when, outwearied at last he yields, if it be but in dull submission, and is still,—then the God at the heart of him, the God that is there (or the man could not be)—begins to grow.

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When the inward Sun is shining, and the wind of thought rouses glad forms and feelings, it is easy to say, *my God*. . . . It is easy in pain, so long as it does not pass certain bounds, to hope in God for deliverance, or pray for strength to endure. But what is to be done when all feeling is gone? when a man does not know whether he believes or not? whether he loves or not?—so swallowed up is he in pain or mental depression or temptation! . . . If he is

still humble, he thinks he is so bad that God cannot care for him. And he then believes, for the time, that God loves us only because and when we love him, instead of believing that God loves us always, because he is our God, and we live only by his love.

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The truth is this: God wants to make us in his own image, *choosing* the good, *refusing* the evil. How should he effect this; if he were *always* moving us from within, as he does at divine intervals towards the beauty of holiness? God gives us room *to be*, does not oppress us with his will,—“stands away from us,” that we may act from ourselves, that we may exercise the pure will for good. . . . For God made our individuality as well as our dependence, made our *apartness* from himself, that freedom should bind us divinely dearer to himself with a new and inscrutable marvel

of love. . . . The freer the man, the stronger the bond that binds him to Him who made his freedom . . . for only in the perfection of our individuality, and the freedom of our wills, can we be altogether his children.

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God has created all our worships, reverences, tendernesses, loves. They come out of his heart, and he made them in us, because, they arose in him first. All that we can imagine of the wise, the lovely, the beautiful, is in him,—only infinitely more of them, than we could merely imagine.

---

O Lord, what a labor thou hast with us all! Shall we ever, some day, be all and quite good like thee? Help me! Fill me with thy light, that my work may all go to bring about the gladness of thy kingdom,—

the holy household of us brothers and sisters,—all thy children.

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Wherever the water of life is received it sinks and softens and hollows, until it reaches far down the springs of life, that come straight from the eternal hills,—and thenceforth, there is in that soul a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

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Whatever is capable of aspiring must be troubled that it may wake and aspire ;—then troubled still—that it may hold fast, be itself, and aspire still.

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In every honest heart, young or old, feeble or strong, the new summer day stirs, and will stir, while the sun has heat enough to live on the earth. Surely the live God is not absent from the symbol of his glory !

The light and the hope are not there, without him !

---

Love itself is the only true nearness. He who thinks of his God as far away, can have made little progress in the need of him ; and he who does not need much cannot know much.

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When the weakness of age begins to show itself—a shadow—background against which the strength is known and outlined when every movement begins to demand a distinct effort of the will, and the earthly house presses upon the spirit within, then indeed must a man *have* God, believe in him with an entireness independent of feeling, or be devoured by despair.

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In the feebleness of old age one may well come to accept life only because it is the will of God ; but such weakness is the ma-



trix of a divine strength whence a gladness unspeakable shall ere long be born ;—the life that it is God's intent to share with his children.

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If there be one thing a Christian soul recoils from, it is meanness—of action, of thought, of judgment.

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It is the assurance that comes of inmost beholding of himself, of seeing what he is, that God cares to produce in us.

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The only thing worth a man's care is the will of God, and that will is the same, whether in this world or the next.

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In every commonest day of his life, he who would be a live child of the living has to fight with the God-denying look of things, and believe, that, in spite of that look, that seems ever to assert that God has

nothing to do with them,—God has his own way,—the best, the only, the live way, of being in everything, and taking his own pure, saving will in them.

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Goodness, and nothing else, is life and health, . . . what the universe demands of us is to be good.

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Oh, how delightful to live in a house where everybody understood and loved and thought about everybody else!

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There is no escaping the mill that grinds slowly and grinds small! and those who refuse to be living stones in the living temple, must be ground into mortar for it.

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If there be a God he is all in all and filleth all things, and all is well.

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Blessed be the voice that tells us we must

forsake all, and take up our cross and follow Him,—losing our life that we may find it.

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Alas ! how is it with our hearts that in trouble they cry, and in joy forget ! that we think it hard of God not to hear, and when he has answered abundantly, turn away, as if we wanted him no more !

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Despise a man, and you become of the kind you would make him ; love him, and you lift him into yours.

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How poor and helpless, how mere a pilgrim and a stranger in a world, over which he has no rule, must he be, who has not God *at one* with him ! not otherwise can his life be free, save as moving in loveliest harmony with the will and life of the only freedom,—that which wills and we *are* !

Oneness with the mighty All is the one end of life; distraction,—things going at a thousand foolish wills,—at the other. God or chaos is the alternative.

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When we cease listening to the cries of self,—seeking and self-care,—then the voice that was there all the time enters into our ears. It is the voice of the Father speaking to his child; never known for what it is until the child begins to obey it.

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My soul often seems as if it had lost all the odors that should float up in the sweet-smelling savor of thankfulness and love to Thee. But Thou hast only to take me, only to choose me, only to clasp me to Thy bosom and I shall be a beautiful singing angel,—singing to God . . . Father, take me, possess me, fill me!

Then I saw that the Lord himself was clasped in the love of the Father; that it was in the power of mighty communion that the daily obedience was done; that besides the outward story of his devotion to men there was the inward story—of his devotion to his Father—of his speech to him, of his upward look, of his delight in giving up to him.

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Brothers, sisters! do I not know your heart from my own? sick hearts which nothing can restore to health and joy but the presence of Him who is Father and mother, both in one. . . . The heart within you cries out for something, and you let it cry; it is crying for its God . . . and all the world will look dull and gray (if it does not look so now)—till your heart is satisfied and quieted with the known presence of Him in whom we live.

A man may be oppressed by his sins, and hardly know what it is that oppresses him. There is more of sin in our burdens than we are ourselves aware of. It needs not that we should have committed any grievous fault. Do we recognize in ourselves that which needs to be set right, that of which we ought to be ashamed? Something which—were we lifted above all worldly anxieties,—would yet keep us uneasy, dissatisfied,—take the essential gladness out of the sunlight, make the fair face of the earth indifferent to us? a trustful glance, a discomposing look, and death, a darkness? To the man who feels this, whatever he may have done, or left undone, he is not so far from the kingdom of heaven but that he may enter thereinto, if he *will*.

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O blessed, holy, lovely repentance! to which the Son of man, the very root and



man of men hath, come to call us! Come and repent with me, oh heart wounded by thine own injustice and wrong; and together we will seek the merciful.

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The murderer and the unloving sit on the same bench before the Judge of eternal truth. . . . Until we love our brother,—yes, until we love our enemy,—who is yet our brother,—we contain within ourselves the undeveloped germ of murder. And so with every sin in the tables, or out of the tables.

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Oh, to be clean as a mountain river! clean as the air above the clouds, or on the middle seas! as the throbbing ether that fills the gulf between star and star! nay, as the thought of the Son of man himself!

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The clear, pure light of the morning made me long for the truth in my heart which

alone could make me pure and clear as the morning,—tune me up to the concert pitch of the nature around me. And the wind that blew from the sunrise made me hope in the God who had first breathed into my nostrils the breath of life, that he would at length so fill me with his breath, his wind, his spirit,—that I should think only his thought, and live his life, finding therein my own life only glorified infinitely.

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There *is* purity and state in that sky. There *is* a peace now in this wide, still earth, — and in that overhanging blue, which my heart cries out that it needs, and cannot be well till it gains, — gains in the truth, gains in God, who is the power of truth, the living truth, cries as knowing the vile disease that cleaveth to us!  
. . . O Father, who art all in all, perfect beyond the longing of thy children,—

and we are all and altogether thine. Thou wilt make us pure and loving and free. We shall stand fearless in thy presence because perfect in thy love. . . . Oh let the heart of a child be given to us that we may arise from the grave of our dead selves and die no more, but see face to face the God of the living.

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It is his loves, and his hopes, not his visions and intentions, by which a man is to be judged.

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The only comfort is God *is*, and I am his, else I should not be at all. . . . I saw now, that thus God also lives—in his higher way. I saw, shadowed out in the absolute devotion of Jesus to men, that the very life of God by which we live is an everlasting, eternal giving of himself away. He asserts himself, only, solely, altogether in an infi-

nite sacrifice of devotion. So must we live. The child must be as the Father ; live he cannot on any other plan, struggle as he may. The Father requires of him nothing that he is not, or does not, himself, who is the one prime unconditioned sacrificer and sacrifice ;—I offered back, my poor wretched self, to its owner, to be taken and kept, purified and made divine.

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There is more to be had out of the ordained opposition of things, than from the smoothest going of the world's wheels. Whatever makes the children feel that they are only out to nurse, and have here no abiding city, but a school of righteousness and truth and love, is a precious uplifting step to the only success.

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God would have us live ;—if we live we cannot but know ; while all the knowledge

in the universe cannot make us live. Obedience is the road to all things. It is the only way to grow able to trust him. Love and faith and obedience are sides of the same prism.

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The desire to be known of men is destructive to all true greatness; nor is there any honor worth calling honor but what comes from an unseen source. To be great is to seem small in the eyes of men.

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The world will change only as the heart of man changes. Growing intellect, growing civilization will heal men's wounds only to cause the deeper ill to break out afresh in new forms, nor can they satisfy one longing of the human soul. Its desires are deeper than that soul itself, whence it groans with the groanings that cannot be uttered. As much in times of civilization as in those of

barbarity, the soul needs an external presence to make its life good to it.

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Godless man is a horror of the unfinished, a hopeless necessity for the unattainable . . . money, ease, honor, can help nothing; the most discontented are of those who have all that the truthless heart desires.

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God is more to me than the whole world of men and women! When my Maker puts joy in my heart, shall I not be glad? When he calls my name shall I not answer? He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

---

I would rather be what God chose to make me than the most glorious creature that I could think of. For to have been thought about—born in God's thoughts—and then made by God, is the dearest,

grandest, most precious thing in all thinking.

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For a man to be *let alone* is for a man not to need God, but to be able to live without him. Our hearts cry out "To have God is to live. We want God. Without him no life of ours is worth living."

We are not then even human, for that is but the lower form of the divine. We are immortal, eternal; "Fill us, O Father, with thyself. Then only all is well." It is essential, divine life we want. . . . One thing is sure: we are His, and He will do His part.

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The well-spring of day, fresh and exuberant, as if now first from the holy will of the Father of lights, gushed into the basin of the world, and the world was more glad than tongue or pen can tell. The supernal

light alone, dawning upon the human heart can exceed the marvel of such a sunrise. . . . And shall life itself be less beautiful than one of its days? Do not believe it! men call the shadow thrown upon the universe where their own dusky souls come between it and the eternal sun—life; and then mourn that it should be less bright than the hopes of their childhood. Keep thou thy soul translucent, that thou mayest never see its shadows . . . or rather, I would say, become thou pure in heart, and thou shalt see God, whose vision alone is life.

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The only way to be absolutely certain of God, is to see him as he is, and for that we must first become absolutely pure in heart. For this he is working in us, and perfection and vision will flash together.

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It is one thing to be so used to certain



statements and modes of thought, that you take all for true, and quite another so to believe the heart of it all, that you are in essential and imperturbable peace and gladness, because of it.

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Love is the first comforter, and where love and truth speak, the love will be felt where the truth is never perceived. Love is indeed the highest in all truth; and the pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save sometimes, than the wisest argument even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom, love alone is power; and where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays.

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Truth is a very different thing from fact; it is the loving contact of the soul with spiritual fact, vital and potent. It does its

work in the soul, independently of all faculty or qualification therefor, setting it forth or defending it. Truth in the inward parts is a power, not an opinion.

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If God be so near as the very idea of him necessitates, what other availing proof can there be, of his existence, than such awareness, as must come of the developing relation between him and us ?

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People talk about special providences. I believe in the providences, but not in the specialty. God does not let the thread of my affairs go for six days, and on the seventh take it up for a moment. The so-called special providences are no exception to the rule. . . . It is a fact that God's care is more evident in some instances of it, than in others ;—upon which men seize, and call them providences. It is well that they can,

but it would be gloriously better if they could believe that the whole matter is one grand providence.

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Ah! if any man's work is not with God, its results shall be burned, ruthlessly burned, because poor and bad.

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Not one human being ought—even were it possible—to be enough for himself; each of us needs God, and every human soul he has made needs him, before he has enough: but we ought each to be able, in the hope of what is one day to come, to endure for a time, not having enough.

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I shall mind nothing so long as I can trust in the Father of me. If my faith in him should give way, then there would be nothing worth minding either.

God alone can tell what delights it is possible for him to give to the pure in heart, who shall one day behold him.

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Those with whom the feeling of religion is only occasional have it most when the awful or grand breaks out of the common ; the meek who inherit the earth find the God of the whole world more evidently present, and in the commonest things. That which is best he gives most plentifully. Hence the great fulness of ordinary nature.

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What a joy to know, that of all things, and all thoughts, God is nearest to us ! So near, that we cannot see Him ;—but far beyond seeing him, we can know him infinitely.

---

Ah, what it would be actually to annihilate wrong ! to be able to say it shall not be

wrong against me, so utterly do I forgive it! How much sooner, then, would the wrongdoer repent and get rid of the wrong on his side, also! But the painful fact will show itself, not less curious than painful, that it is more difficult to forgive small wrongs than great ones. . . . It is dreadful to have bad ways inside one.

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No man sinks into the grave, he only disappears. Life is a constant sunrise, which death cannot interrupt any more than the night can swallow up the sun.

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Our minds are small because they are faithless. If we had faith in God our hearts would share in his greatness and peace. We should not then be shut up in ourselves, but would walk abroad in him.

In all God's works, the laws of beauty are wrought out, in evanishment,—in birth and death. There, there is no hoarding, but an ever fresh creating, an eternal flow of life from the heart of the all-beautiful. Hence, even the heart of man cannot hoard. . . . If man would *have*, it is the Giver he must have; the Eternal, the Original, the Ever-outpouring is alone within his reach.

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Certainly, it is a nobler thing to seek God in the days of gladness; to look up to him in trustful bliss when the sun is shining; but if a man be miserable, if the storm is coming down upon him, what is he to do? There is nothing mean in seeking God then, though it would have been nobler to seek him before.

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No man can do anything perfectly right until he is one with Him whose is the only

absolute self-generated purity ; that is, until God dwells in him, and he in God.

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All sorts of means are kept at work to make the children obedient, simple, and noble : Joy and Sorrow are servants in God's nursery : Pain and Delight, Ecstasy and Despair minister in it.

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Lord, come to me, for I cannot go to thee.  
. . . The tenderness of thine infinitude looks upon me from those heavens. Thou art in them and in me. Because thou thinkest, I think ; I am thine—all thine. I abandon myself to thee. Fill me with thyself. When I am full of thee, my griefs themselves will grow golden in thy sunlight. Thou holdest them and their cause, and wilt find some nobler atonement between them than vile forgetfulness or the death of love. Lord, let me help those that are wretched,

because they do not know thee. Let me tell them that thou, the Life, must need suffer for and with them that they may be made partakers of thine ineffable peace.

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My life is hid in Thine, take me in Thine hand ; as Gideon bore the pitcher to the battle, let me be broken, if need be, that Thy light may shine.

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Till a man has learned to be happy without the sunshine, and therein becomes capable of enjoying it perfectly, it is well that the shine and the shadow should be mingled, so as God only knows how to mingle them. To effect the blessedness for which God made him, man must become a fellow-worker with God.

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There are many lives ruined because they have not had tenderness enough.



Until we begin to learn that the only way to serve God, in any real sense of the word, is to serve our neighbor, we may have knocked at the wicket gate, but I doubt if we have got one foot across the threshold of the kingdom.

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Obedience alone holds wide the door for the entrance of the spirit of wisdom. . . . Love makes obedience a joy; of him who obeys, all heaven is the patrimony; he is fellow-heir with Christ.

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No man can order his life, for it comes flowing over him from behind. . . . The one secret of life and development is not to devise and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work; to do every moment's duty aright—that being the part in the process allotted to us; and let come, not what will—for there is no such thing—but what

the Eternal Thought wills for us, has intended for each of us, from the first. If men would but believe that they are in process of creation, and consent to be made, they would ere long find themselves able to welcome every pressure of the hand upon them, even where it was felt in pain, and so recognize the divine end in view—the bringing of a son into glory.

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All love is a worship of the Infinite; what is called a man's love for himself is not love, it is but a phantastic resemblance of love. If all love be not a creation, as I think it is—it is at least the only thing in harmony with creation; and the love of one's self, is its absolute opposite. . . . I sickened at the sight of myself. . . . The same instant, I saw the one escape, I must offer it back to its source—commit it to Him who made it. I must live no more from it, but

from the source of it. Thus might I become one with the Eternal; thus might I draw life, ever fresh from its fountain.

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Wonderful, surely will this world appear, and strangely *more*, when, become children again by being gathered to our fathers—joyous day!—we turn and gaze back upon it from the other side! I imagine that to him who has overcome it, the world, in very virtue of his victory, will show itself the lovely and pure thing it was created: for he will see through the cloudy envelope of his battle to the living kernel below.

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Every day is mouldering away this body of mine, till it shall fall into its appointed place; but what is that to me? It is to me the drawing nigh of the fresh morning of life, when I shall be young and strong again! glad in the presence of the wise and

beloved dead, and unspeakably glad in the presence of my God, which I have now, but hope to possess far more hereafter.

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The light of the sun being the natural world-clothing of the truth, the mind that sits much in the physical dark is in danger of missing a great help to understanding the things of the light.

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Ourselves our centre, instead of God, is the source of all wrong and all misery. It is terrible to think of being one moment without Him ; never deserted child could be other than a poor picture of that. Even in our commonest every-day work we need the consciousness of his constant presence. . . . To be conscious of this great fact of life cannot be other than healthful, yea, healing to the uttermost.

Ah ! make me, Father, anything thou wilt,  
So be thou will it, I am safe with thee ;  
. . . Make me something,—God ;  
Clear, sunny, veritable purity,  
Of high existence ; in thyself content,  
And seeking for no measures. — I *have*  
    reaped  
Earth's harvests, if I find this holy death,—  
    Take me when thou wilt.

---

O soul, rejoice !  
Thou art God's child indeed, for all thy  
    sinning,  
A poor weak child, yet his, and worth the  
    winning  
With saviour-eyes and voice.

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The God who is ever uttering himself in  
the changeful profusions of nature ; who takes

millions of years to form a soul that shall understand him and be blessed ; who never needs to be, nor ever is, in haste ; who welcomes the simplest thought of truth or beauty as the return for seed he has sown upon the old fallows of eternity ; who rejoices in the response of a faltering moment to the age—long cry of his wisdom in the streets ; the God of music, of painting, of building ; the Lord of Hosts, the God of mountains and oceans, the God of history working in time into Christianity ; this God is the God of little children, and he alone can be perfectly, abandonedly simple and devoted. Our longing desires can no more exhaust the fulness of the treasures of the Godhead, than our imagination can touch their measure ; not a thought, not a joy, not a hope of one of his creatures can pass unseen ; and while one of them remains unsatisfied he is not Lord over all.

With angels and with archangels, with the spirits of the just made perfect, with the little children of the kingdom, yea, with the Lord himself, and for all them that know him not, we praise and magnify his name in itself, saying, *Our Father*. We do not draw back, for that we are unworthy, nor even for that we are hard-hearted and care not for the good. For it is his child-likeness that makes him our God and Father. The perfection of his relation to us swallows up all our imperfection, all our defects, all our evils; for our childhood is born of his Fatherhood. That man is perfect in faith, who can come to God, in the utter dearth of his feelings and his desires, without a glow or an aspiration, with the weight of low thoughts, failures, neglects, and wandering forgetfulness, and say to him, Thou art my refuge because thou art my home.

Such a faith will not lead to presumption. The man who can pray such a prayer, will know better than another that God is not mocked; that he is not a man that he should repent; that tears and entreaties will not work on him to the breach of one of his laws; that for God to give a man, because he asked for it, that which was not in harmony with his laws of truth and right, would be to damn him—to cast him into the outer darkness. And he knows that out of that prison, the childlike, imperturbable God will let no man come till he has paid the uttermost farthing.

And if he should forget this, the God to whom he belongs does not forget it, does not forget him. Life is no series of chances with a few providences sprinkled between to keep up a justly failing belief, but one providence of God; and the man shall not live long before life itself shall remind him,



it may be in agony of soul, of that which he has forgotten.

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“In everything,” says St. Paul, “by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.” For this *everything*, nothing is too small. That it should trouble us is enough. There is some principle involved in it, worth the notice even of God himself; for did he not make us so that the thing does trouble us? And surely for this *everything* nothing can be too great.

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And now his eyes were opened to see that in his nature and thoughts lay large spaces wherein God ruled not supreme—desert places, where, who could tell what might appear? . . . If in very deed he lived and moved and had his being in God, then assuredly, there ought not to be

one cranny in his nature, one realm of his consciousness, one well-spring of thought, where the will of God was a stranger.

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The devotion of God to his creations is perfect ; he does not think about himself but about them ; he wants nothing for himself, but finds his blessedness in the out-going of blessedness.

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God is simply and altogether our friend—our father,—our more than friend, father and mother—our infinite love—perfect God. Grand and strong beyond all that human imagination can conceive of poet-thinking and kingly action ; he is delicate beyond all that human tenderness can conceive, homely beyond all that human heart can conceive of father and mother. He has not two thoughts about us. With him all is simplicity of purpose, and meaning, and effort,

and end, namely, that we should be as he is, think the same thoughts, mean the same things, possess the same blessedness. It is so plain that any one may see it, every one ought to see it, every one shall see it. It must be so. He is utterly true and good to us, nor shall anything withstand his will.

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Everybody knows, what few think about, that once there lived a man, who in the broad face of prejudiced-respectability, truth-hating hypocrisy, commonplace religion, and dull book-learning, affirmed that he knew the secret of life and understood the heart and history of men ;—who wept over their sorrows, yet worshipped the God of the whole earth, saying that he had known him from eternal days. The same said that he came to do what the Father did, and that he did nothing but what he had learned of the Father. They killed him in a terrible

way, that one is afraid even to think of. But he insisted that he laid down his life,—that he allowed them to take it. Now I ask, whether that grandest thing crowning his life, the yielding it to the hand of violence, he had not learned also from his Father? Was his death the only thing he had not so learned? If I am right, then the suffering of those three terrible hours was a type of the suffering of the Father himself, in bringing sons and daughters through the cleansing and glorifying fires, without which the created cannot be made the very children of God—partakers of the divine nature and peace.

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I never do anything of myself,—I do not go where I wish, but where I seem to be called or sent. I never even wish much except when I pray to him, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge ;

after what He wants to give me, I am wishing all day long, I used to build many castles, not without a beauty of their own; that was when I had less understanding; now I leave them to God to build for me.

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Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, —the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.

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Surely, there is a living power of right, whose justice is the soul of our justice, who *will* have right done, and causes even our own souls to take up arms against us when we do wrong.

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If I had not the hope of one day being good like God himself, if I thought there was no escape out of the wrong and badness I feel within me, and know I am not able to rid myself of without supreme

help, not all the wealth and honors of the world could reconcile me to life.

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Why should not a youth—a boy, a child—desire with all his might, that his heart and mind should be clean, his will strong, his thoughts just, his head clear, his soul dwelling in the place of life? Why should not he desire that his life should be a complete thing, and an outgoing of life to his neighbor?

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It is when a man is most of man, that the *cause* of the man—the God of his life—the very Life himself, is closest to him, is most within him.

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God never gave a man a thing to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of man would have done it.

The *truth* was what Jesus spoke. He spoke out of a region of realities which he knew could only be suggested—not represented, in the forms of intellect and speech. With vivid flashes of light and truth his words invade our darkness, rousing us with sharp stings of light to will our awaking, to arise from the dead and cry for the light which he can give,—not in the lightning of words only, but in indwelling presence and power.

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Forgiveness is love toward the unlovely.  
. . . Love is divine, and then most divine when it loves according to *needs*, not according to *merits*. . . . God is forgiving us every day,—sending from before him and us, our sins, and their fogs and darkness. Witness the shining of his sun, and the falling of his rain; the filling of their hearts with food and gladness, that

he loves them that love him not! When some sin that we have committed has clouded all our horizon, and hidden him from our eyes, he, forgiving us as we are, and that we may be forgiven, sweeps away a path for this, his forgiveness to reach our hearts, that it may, by causing our repentance, destroy the wrong, and make us able, even to forgive ourselves.

---

God's love is ever in front of his forgiveness. . . . No man, who will not forgive his neighbor, can believe that God is willing, yea, wanting, to forgive him; can believe that the dove of God's peace is hovering over a chaotic heart, fain to alight, but finding no rest for the sole of its foot. . . . Every sin meets with its due fate—inexorable expulsion from the paradise of God's presence.



My God, take care of me,  
Pardon and swathe me in an infinite love  
Pervading and inspiring me, thy *child*,  
And let thy own design in me work on,  
Upholding the ideal man in me,  
Which being greater far than I have grown,  
I cannot comprehend. I am thine, not  
mine,—

One day, completed into thine intent,  
I shall be able to discourse with thee ;  
For thy idea, gifted with a self,  
Must be of one with the mind whence it  
sprung  
And fit to talk with thee about thy thoughts.  
Lead me, O Father, holding by thy hand ;  
I ask not whither, for it must be on.

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All is God's :

And my poor life is terribly sublime ;  
Where'er I look, I am alone in God,  
As this round world is wrapt in folding space ;

Behind, before, begins and ends in him :  
So all beginnings and all ends are hid ;  
And he is hid in me, and I in him.

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For he had hope in God—the growth of  
years,—

Ponderings, and aspirations from a child,  
And prayers and readings and repentances ;  
For something in him had ever sought the  
peace

Of other something deeper in him still,  
Some sounds sighed ever for a harmony  
With other, fainter tones, that softly drew  
Nearer and nearer from the unknown  
depths, .

Where the individual goeth out in God.

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It is not the high summer alone that is  
God's. The winter also is his, . . . and  
all man's winters are his — the winter of

our poverty,—the winter of our sorrow,—  
the winter of unhappiness,—even the winter  
of our discontent.

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As a good child born in a family will  
make a family good, so Jesus born into the  
world will make the world good at last.  
And this perfect child born in your hearts,  
will make your hearts good, and that is  
God's best gift to you.

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All the sermon was a persuading of the  
people that God really loves them, without  
any *if* or *but*.

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Certain I am, that but for the love which,  
ever revealing itself, came out brightest at  
that first Christmas time, there would be  
no feasting, nay, no smiling; no world to go  
careering in joy about its central fire, or men  
and women upon it, to look up and rejoice.

All the doors that lead inward, to the secret place of the Most High, are doors outward ; out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.

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*PRAYER.*

O thou who holdest the waters in the hollow of one hand, and carriest the lambs of thine own making in thy bosom with the other hand, it would be altogether unworthy of thee and of thy majesty of love, to require of us that which thou knowest we cannot bring unto thee, until thou dost enrich us with that same : therefore, like thine own children, we bow down before thee, and pray that thou wouldst take thy will of us, thy holy and perfect and blessed will of us ; for, O God, we are all thine own.

. . . And now, for all our wrong doings, for all our sins and trespasses of many kinds, —do not forget them, O God, till thou hast

put them behind thy back where even thine own eyes shall never see them again, that we may walk bold and upright before thee, forevermore;— and see the face of him who was as much God, in doing thy bidding (will) as if he had been ordering all things himself. For his sake, AMEN.

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This is my quarrel with all those scientific arguments and similes, and doctrines, as they call them—they just hold a poor soul at arm's length, out over from God himself; and they raise a mist and a storm all about him, so that the poor child cannot see the Father himself, standing with his arms stretched out as wide as the heavens, to take the worn child of earth; the more sinner, the more welcome to his very heart. If they would leave all that, and just persuade the people to speak a word or two to

God himself, the loss would be very small, and the gain very great.

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Why should not a man be happy when he is growing old, so long as his faith strengthens the feeble knees, which chiefly suffer in the process of going down the hill? True, the fever heat is over, and the oil burns more slowly in the lamp of life; but if there be less fervor there is more pervading warmth; if less of fire, more of sunshine, there is less smoke and more light. Verily, youth is good, but old age is better—to the man who forsakes not his youth when his youth forsakes him! The sweet visitings of Nature do not depend upon youth or romance, but upon that quiet Spirit whose meekness inherits the earth.

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A real duty is a necessity of the human nature, without seeing and doing which, a

man can never attain to the truth and blessedness of his own being.

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The whole history of the Christian life is a series of resurrections. Every time a man bethinks himself that he is not walking in the light, that he has been forgetting himself, and must repent; that he has been asleep and must awake; that he has been letting his garments trail, and must gird up the loins of his mind; every time this takes place there is a resurrection in the world. Yes, every time that a man finds his heart is troubled, that he is not rejoicing in God, a resurrection must follow; a resurrection out of the night of troubled thoughts into the gladness of the truth. For the truth is, and ever was, and ever must be, gladness, however much the souls on which it shines may be obscured by the clouds of

sorrow, troubled by fears, or shot through with the lightnings of pain.

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Troubled soul! thou art not bound to feel, but thou art bound to arise. God loves thee whether thou feelest or not. Thou canst not love when thou wilt, but thou art bound to fight the hatred in thee to the last. Try not to feel good when thou art not good, but cry to him who is good. He changes not because thou changest, nay, he has an especial tenderness of love toward thee, for that thou art in the dark, and hast no light; and his heart is glad when thou dost arise and say, "I will go to my Father." . . . Will thou his will. Say to him: "My God I am very dull and low and hard; but thou art wise and high and tender; and thou art my God. I am thy child. For-sake me not." Then, fold the arms of thy



faith, wait in quietness until light goes up in thy darkness; . . . then bethink thee of something that thou oughtest to do, and go and do it. It may be but the sweeping of a room, or the preparing of a meal, or a visit to a friend. Heed not thy feelings, do thy work.

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As God lives by his own will, and we live in Him, so has he given us power to *will* in ourselves. How much better should we not fare if, finding that we have no feeble inclination to seek the source of our life, we should yet *will* upward toward God, rousing that essence of life in us, which he has given us from his own heart, to call again upon him who is our life, who can fill the emptiest heart, rouse the deadest conscience, quicken the dullest feeling, and strengthen the feeblest will.

We must not choose our neighbor; we must take the neighbor that God sends us. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revealed, a beautiful brother. . . . Thus will love spread and spread in wider and stronger pulses, till the whole human race will be sacredly lovely. . . . But there are those whose first impulse is ever to repel and not to receive. Learn they may and learn they must; even these may grow in grace until a countenance unknown will awake in them a yearning of affection, rising to pain, because there is for it no expression, and they can only give the man to God, and be still.

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Father, thou alone art, and I am because thou art. Thy will shall be mine.

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The love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self. . . . The

man thinks his consciousness is himself; whereas his life consisteth in the inbreathing of God, and the consciousness of the universe of Truth. To have himself, to know himself, to enjoy himself, he calls life; whereas if he would forget himself, tenfold would be his life in himself and his neighbors. The region of man's life is a spiritual region. God, his friends, his neighbors, his brothers all, is the wide world in which alone his spirit can find room. Himself is his dungeon. . . . His life is not in knowing that he lives, but in loving all forms of life. He is made for the All; God, the All, is his life.

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All feelings of beauty and peace and loveliness, and right and goodness, we trail with us from our home, God is the only home of the human soul. . . . I get peeps, now and then, into the condition of my own heart, which for the moment, make it seem

impossible that I should ever rise into a true state of nature—that is, into the simplicity of God's will concerning me. The only hope for ourselves and for others lies in him, in the power the creating Spirit has over the spirits he has made.

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We are saved by hope, never man hoped too much, or repented that he had hoped. We do not hope in God half enough. The very fact that hope is strength and strength the outcome of the body of life, shows that hope is at one with the very essence of what says "I am," yea, of what doubts, and says, "Am I?" and therefore is reasonable.

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There is, indeed, a rest that remaineth, a rest pictured out even here, to rouse my dull heart to desire it, and follow after it, a rest that consists in thinking the thoughts of Him who is the Peace, because the Unity; in

being fitted with that spirit that now pictures itself forth in the repose of the heavens and the earth.

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Is not all the good in us his image? (the image of God). Imperfect and sinful as we are, is not all the foundation of our being his image? Is not the sin all ours, and the life in us all God's? We cannot be the creatures of God, without partaking of his nature. Every motion of our conscience, every admiration of what is pure and noble, is a sign and a result of this. Is not every self-accusation a proof of the presence of his Spirit?

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If all the labor of God is to bring sons into glory, lifting them out of the abyss of evil bondage, up to the rock of his pure freedom, the only worthy end of life must be to work in the same direction—to be a fel-

low-worker with God. But I was taught that the way to help others was not to tell them their duty, but *myself* to learn of him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows. As I learned of him, I should be able to help them. . . . I have a burning desire to help in making the world clean—if it be only by sweeping one little room in it. I want to lead some poor, stray sheep home—home to the bosom of God, where alone man is true man.

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No one is good but God. No one holds the truth, or can hold it, in one and the same thought, but God.

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Education, so-called, is a fine thing, and might be a better thing; but there is an education, that of life, which, when seconded by a pure will to learn, leaves the schools

behind. . . . For life is God's school,  
and they that will listen to the Master there,  
will learn at God's speed.

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Humanity may, like other vital forms,  
diseased systems, fix on this or that as the  
object not merely of its desire, but of its  
need; it can never be *stilled* by less than  
the bread of life—the very presence in the  
innermost nature, of the Father and the Son.

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It is not a belief in immortality that will  
deliver a man from the woes of humanity,  
but faith in the God of life, the Father of  
lights, the God of all consolation and com-  
fort. Believing in him a man can leave his  
friends, and their and his own immortality  
with everything else—even his and their  
love and perfection, with utter confidence,  
in his hands. Until we have this life in  
us we shall never be at peace. The living

God dwelling in the heart he has made, and glorifying it by inmost speech with himself, that is life, assurance, and safety, nothing less is or can be such.

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If we do not find God in nature we may conclude, either that we do not understand the expression of nature, or have mistaken ideas or poor feeling about him.

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There is that in us, which is not at home in this world, which I believe holds secret relation with every star, or perhaps, rather, with that in the heart of God, whence issued every star,—diverse in kind and character, as in color, and place, and motion, and light. To that in us this world is so far, strange, unnatural, and unfitting, and we need a yet homelier home. Yea, no home at last will do, but the home of God's heart.



What unspeakable bliss of heart and soul and mind and sense remain for him who, like St. Paul, is crucified with Christ, who lives no more from his own self, but is inspired and informed and possessed with the same faith toward the Father in which Jesus lived and wrought the will of the Father! If the words attributed to Jesus are indeed the words of him whom Jesus declared himself, then truly is the fate of mankind a glorious one, because men have a God supremely grand, all-perfect in Godhead; for that alone is, and that alone can be, the absolute bliss of the created.

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Think, brothers! think, sisters! we walk in the air of an eternal Fatherhood. Every lifting up of the heart is a looking up to the Father. Graciousness and truth are around, above, beneath, yea, *in* us. When we are least worthy, then, most tempted, hardest,

unkindest, let us yet commend our spirits into his hands. Whither else dare we send them ? . . . And shall we dare to think, that if we, being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, God will not give us his own Spirit, when we come to ask him ? Will not some heavenly dew descend, cool upon the hot anger ? some genial rain-drop in the dry selfishness, some glance of sunlight on the cloudy hopelessness ?

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Nor is there anything we can ask for ourselves that we may not ask for another. . . . And there will be moments when, filled with that Spirit which is the Lord, nothing will ease our hearts of their love but the commending of all men, all our brothers, all our sisters, to the one Father ; nor shall we ever know that repose in the Father's hands, till the Fatherhood is fully revealed to us in the love of the brethren ;

. . . never shall we know him aright until we rejoice and exult for our race, that he is *the Father*.

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Hope never hurt any one—never yet interfered with duty; nay, always strengthens to the performance of duty, gives courage, and clears the judgment. St. Paul says, “We are saved by hope.”

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The sun was below the horizon; all the dazzle was gone out of the gold, and the roses were fast fading; the downy blue of the sky was trembling into stars overhead; the brown dusk was gathering in the air; and a wind full of gentleness and peace came from the west. He let his thoughts go where they would, and they went up into the abyss over his head. “Lord, come to me,” he cried in his heart, “for I cannot go to thee. If I were to go up through that

awful space for ages and ages, I should never find thee. Yet there thou art. The tenderness of thine infinitude looks upon me from these heavens. Thou art in them and in me. Because thou thinkest, I think. I am thine—all thine—I abandon myself to thee. Fill me with thyself. When I am full of thee, my griefs themselves will grow golden in thy sunlight. Thou holdest them and their cause, and wilt find some nobler atonement between them than vile forgetfulness and the death of love. Lord, let me help those that are wretched because they do not know thee. Let me tell them that thou, the life, must needs suffer for and with them, that they may be made partakers of thy ineffable peace. My life is hid in thine, take me in thy hand."

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We ought to cultivate the friendships of little things. Beauty is one of the surest

antidotes to vexation. Often when life looks dreary from some real or fancied injustice, or indignity, has a thought of truth been flashed into my mind from a flower, the frost, a shadow, clouds, rainbows, stars, and sunrises!

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Wherever there is a humble, thoughtful nature, into that nature the divine consciousness—that is, the Spirit of God—presses, as into its own place.

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To love our neighbor is a great help to that perfect love of God which casteth out fear;—nothing but the love of God will make you love your neighbors aright; and the Spirit of God, which alone gives weight for any good, will, by these loves—which are life—strengthen you, at last, to believe in the light, even in the midst of darkness.

There is no forgetting of ourselves but in the finding of our deeper, our true selves, God's idea of us, the Christ in us. Nothing but that self can displace the false, greedy, whining self, of which the most of us are so fond and proud.

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The poorest place in which the atmosphere is love is more homelike, and of consequence more heavenly, than the most beautiful, even where law and order are the elements supreme.

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Man, apart from God, can generate no light. He is not meant to be separated from God. And only think, then, what light he can give you, if you will turn to him, and ask him for it !

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To know God as the beginning and end, the root and cause, the giver, the enabler, the

love and joy and perfect good, is *life*; and faith in its truest, simplest, mightiest form is to do his will in the one thing revealing itself at the moment, as duty.

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We must, of course, be able to do without whatever is denied us; but when the heart is hungry for any honest thing, we may surely use all honest endeavor to obtain that thing.

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The cure of all ills is neither more nor less than more *life*. Life above and beyond the life that took the stroke.

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I do not think the road to contentment lies in despising what we have not got. Let us acknowledge all good, all delight, that the world holds, and be content without it. But this we can never do but by possessing the one thing—without which I do not

merely say we ought to be content, but no one can be content—the Spirit of the Father.

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When a man turns to look at himself, that moment the glow of the loftiest bliss begins to fade. . . . For there the man sees himself but in his own dim mirror; whereas, ere he turned to look in that, he knew himself in the absolute clarity of God's present thought out-bodying him.

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In the working of the divine love upon our race, my enemy is doomed to cease to be my enemy and to become my friend; . . . from each of us comes forth the brother who was inside the enemy all the time. In the faith of this let us love our enemy now; . . . holding fast our brother in defiance of the changeful wiles of the wicked enchantment which would



persuade our eyes and hearts that he is not our brother, but some horrible thing, hateful and hating. But what if we are in the wrong, and do the wrong and hate because we have injured? What then? Why, then let us cry to God, struggle as under the weight of a spiritual incubus.

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Will a man ever love his enemies? He may come to do good to them that hate him; but when will he pray for them that spitefully use him and persecute him? When he is the child of his Father in heaven.

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It is impossible without love to be just, much more cannot justice exist with hate. . . . Love is the law of our condition, without which we can no more render justice than a man can keep a straight line walking in the dark. . . . No man who

is even *indifferent* to his brother can recognize the claims which his humanity has upon him. Indifference itself is an injustice.

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Love alone lives and causes all other truth to take shape, conscious or unconscious. But God lets men have their playthings, like the children they are, that they may learn to distinguish them from true possessions. If they are not learning that, he takes them from them, and tries the other way ; for lack of them and its misery, they will perhaps seek the true.

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I will have nothing to hide me from the eye of Him who made me. That eye is the very life of men, I would not hide a thought from Him. The worse it is, the more need for him to see it. It would make me miserable to think there was anything in me he would not like to look at and see.

In every one there is a loneliness, an inner chamber of peculiar life, into which God only can enter. I say not it is *the innermost chamber*, but a chamber into which no brother, no sister can come.

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By his creation each man is isolated with God ; each, in respect to his peculiar making, can say, "*My* God ;" each can come to him alone, and speak with him face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend. . . . Each of us is a distinct flower or tree in the spiritual garden of God,—precious, each for his own sake, in the eyes of him, who is even now making us,—each of us watered and shone upon, and filled with life, for the sake of his flower, his completed being, which will blossom out of him at last, to the glory and pleasure of the great Gardener. For each has within him a secret of the Divinity ; each is growing toward the revela-

tion of that secret to himself, and so to the full reception, according to his measure, of the divine. Every moment that he is true to his true self some fresh channel is opened upward for the coming glory of the flower, the conscious offering of his whole being in beauty, to his Maker. Each man, then, is in God's sight, *worth*. Life and action, thought and intent, are sacred. And what an end lies before us!

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The blessedness of life is that we can hide nothing from God. If we could hide anything from God, that hidden thing would, by and by, turn into a terrible disease. It is the sight of God that keeps and makes things clean.

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A man's life is where the kingdom of heaven is—within him.

The soul is not capable of generating its own requirements, it needs to be supplied from a well whose springs lie deeper than its own soil, in the Infinite All, namely, upon which that soul rests. Happy they who have found that those springs have an outlet in their hearts—on the hill of prayer.

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When once a man has set out to find God, he must find him or die.

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The common transactions of life are the most sacred channels for the spread of the heavenly leaven.

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People must have troubles, else they would grow unendurable for pride and insolence.

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The love of God is the soul of Christianity. Christ is the body of that truth. The

love of God is the creating and redeeming, the forming and satisfying power of the universe. The love of God is that which kills evil and glorifies goodness. It is the safety of the great whole. It is the home atmosphere of all life.

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The business of a man's life is to be a Christian. A man has to do with God first; in him only can he find the unity and harmony he seeks. To be one with him is to be at the centre of things.

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Inasmuch as man is made in the image of God, nothing less than a love in the image of God's love, all-embracing, quietly excusing, heartily commending, can constitute the blessedness of man. . . . Where man loves in his kind, even as God loves in his kind, then man is saved, then he has reached the unseen and eternal.

Life is at work in us,—the sacred Spirit of God travailing in us. That Spirit has gained one end of his labor when he has brought us to beg for the help which he has been giving us all the time.

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The best thing we can do—ininitely the best, indeed the only thing, that men may receive the truth—is to be ourselves true. Beyond all doing of good is the being good, for he that is good not only does good things, but all that he does is good.

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We are continually grumbling because we cannot get the people about us — our servants, our tradespeople, or whoever they may be—to do just what we tell them. It makes half the misery in the world because they will have something of their own in it against what they are told. But are we not always doing the same thing? and ought we

not to learn something of forgiveness for them, and very much from the fact that we are just in the same position? We only recognize in part that we are put here, in this world, precisely to learn to be obedient.

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God alone can make us clean—put our hearts right,—make us simple, God-loving, man-loving creatures—as much afraid of harboring an unjust thought of our neighbor, as of stealing that which is his; as much afraid of pride and self-confidence as of saying, “There is no God!” as far from distrusting God for the morrow, as from committing suicide. . . . The only salvation is in being filled with the Spirit of God, the mind of Christ.

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A living soul may outgrow all stain and all reproach. I do not mean in the judgment of men merely, but in the judgment



of God, which is always founded on the actual fact, and always calls things by their right names, and covers no man's sin, although he forgives it and takes it away. A man may abjure his sin, so, cast it away from him, so utterly, with pure heart and full intent, that although he did it, it is his no longer. . . . It is the kindest thing God can do for his children, sometimes, to let them fall into the mire.

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